A STORY TOLD OF THE TIMES OF

THE GREAT KIT CARSON. A Frenchman's Desperate Plunge Into s Mountain Gorge-Both of His Legs Were

Broken, and So Was His Weakness for

"Poor Le"-Didn't Notice the Evidence.

Thirty or forty years ago, when "trapping" was the regular occupation of the plainsman and mountaineer, varied, per-haps, by an occasional fight with the sav-ages, the expeditions of the frontiersmen into the remote regions where the fur bearing animals abounded lasted for a year or two, and sometimes longer. They had no watches in those days, and to keep a record of the time was no easy matter. Kit Carson told me that often one man of the party was detailed to keep the "almanae," or the passage of the days, by that most primitive of calculations notching a stick. Frequently the stick was lost and all their calculations were mixed up, and it was an amusing thing when they returned to the settlements to dispose of their furs to learn how far they were off from the true date or day of the week. Nearly every man had his own idea on the subject, scarcely any two of the "outfit" agreeing in the matter

It was surprising, too, on those extended trips, how severe accidents would occur, or how one of the party would be buily wounded by Indians to some single handed fight, when away by himself, and yet get well where ordinarily the chances for recovery were a bundred to one against it. Kit told me of one of these hairbreadth recoveries, if I may employ the term in this connection, which happened to one of their party when they were trapping way up in the "Blackfoot" country nearly half a century ego.
TOUCHED HIS HEART.

The man was a Frenchman, as were many of the old trappers in those early days; his name has passed out of my mind. He was a kind hearted man, fresh in the country, and a little inclined to look upon the Indians with that sort of mistaken sentimentality which characterizes the average New England philanthropist who has never seen the "untutored Lo" on his native beath. Late one night, after they had been camping on one of the many atreams of the region for several weeks, as he was on duty guarding the camp from the incursions of a too inquisitive grizzly or the impertment investigations of the wolves, his attention was attracted to something high up in a tree near by, which seemed restless, changing its position con-stantly, like some unimal of prey. The Frenchman drew a head upon it, and there came tumbling down at his feet a dead savage, with his war paint and other In-The poor man was terribly hurt over the circumstance of baving killed an Indian,

and it grieved him for a long time. One day, a month after the night's incident, he was riding alone far from his party and out of sound of their rifles as ell, when a band of Blackfeet discovered him and started for his scalp. He had no possible chance for escape except by the endurance of his borse, a ranguiñcent animal, so a race for life began. He had no trouble in keeping out of the way of their arrows (the Indians had no guns then), and he hoped to make the camp before they could possibly wear out his horse; but just as he was congratulating himself on his luck right before him there suddenly appeared a great gorge, and, not daring to stop or to turn either to the right or left, the only thing to do was to make his animal jump it. It was his only chance; it was death if he missed it and death if the Indians got him. So he drove his heels into his horse's side and attempted the awful leap. His willing animal made a desperate effort to carry out the wisnes of the daring rider, but the gorge was too wide, and the Indians saw both horse and rider dash down to the bottom of the fright-ful canyon together. Believing that their enemy had eluded them forever, they went back on the trail without even going down

THE FALL CURED SIM. The horse was instantly killed and the Frenchman had both of his legs broken. Being far from camp, with the Indians in close proximity, he did not date to fire off his rifle or make any voise, so he was comnelled to lie there and suffer, boning that his comrades, missing him, would start out to hunt him. They did so, but more than a day had clapsed before they found him, and his pain was intense. Of course doctors in the region were as impossible as ancrels, so his communious set the broken litter on some pack animals they carried him around with them from camp to camp until he recovered, a period extending over

The affair cured him of his sentimentality for the Indian. Many years afterward, when New Moxico had become a part of the United States and courts were regularly constituted, this Frenchman was drawn as a juryman on a case where an Indian was to be tried for the murder of a white man. The trial as the courts were constituted in those days was not a very prolonged one. But it was observed that from the very beginning of the proceedings the Frenchman had dropped into a deep sleep; so profound was it that when the wanted him to decide as to the guilt or in nocence of the prisoner they had to shake him violently to rouse him. He had not heard a word of the trial, but when he was asked what his opinion was he replied: "Hang the Indian; hang him, of course! If he don't happen to be guilty now he soon will be."-Heury luman in Kansas City

Power of the Jewish Rabbl.

There are 150 Jewish synagogues in Jerugalem, and if the Russian Jews go to the Holy Land, as they intend, synagogues will spring up all over the country. The Jew-ish synagogue of the Holy City is different from that of America. The service is longer and the people, I think, are more devout. The rabbis are gorgeously clad, and the Jerusalem rabbi has more power than any American prescher. He is the governor of his congregation and be does their business for them. The Turks allow him to settle most of the suits which arise between the people of his congregation, Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

When Bismarck Was a Boy.

A German physician who lives in Chi-engo and knew Bismarck during his youth mays that the late chanceller of the German emperor was a young scapegoat and bully "He used to take delight in annoying chil-dren, and I remember how be amused himself by raising me and my brothers several feet from the ground by taking held of our ears. He evidently thought it line fun, and when we poor little devils acreamed he just laughed as if his heart would break. My mother was always sorry when his vacation came around, and she was pleased when it was time for him to re away."

Not Interested. First Seaside Guest-My gracious! Have

you been sitting here all the morning! The whole town has been down to the beach to see the wreck. Big steamer ashore. Awful time. Never saw such a

Second Guest (a newspaper reporter)-I'm on a vacation.-Street & Smith's Good

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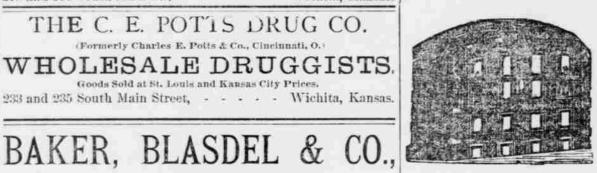
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Do not experiment with new FLOURS.

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LISTENING TO FITTLE ARGUMENTS. possible." I took my seat at the deak assigned me, and in a few minutes the del egation entered. It was composed of five or six matronly ladies, most of them above middle age. A glaute was sufficient to show that they were good Christian women, whose kind hearts bled for the unfortu nate and who were anxious to alleviate the woes of the most criminal. The spokeswoman of the party was a

natural orator and the way she begged and pleaded for liberty for the miserable wretch schind the prison bars almost completely unmanned me. Had I been the governor l could not have resisted her appeal, but stern duty deafened his ears to all her pleadings and the prayers of the ladies with her. After the ladies had intercoded with the governor for nearly an hour he said: "Ladies, I appreciate fully the kindly and worthy, even though I think them mistaken, motives which have sent you here, but I cannot grant your request This woman has been false to the holles tie that binds man and woman, and to her infidelity she has added murder. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind of her guilt, and I think that she is fortunate to be in prison. If strint justice had been meted out to her she would now be in her

where she is," interrupted one of the is-dies. Quick as a flash Governor Young saw his way out of the difficulty.



HARD TO SAY NO.

Particularly When a Human Life Is at Stake.

TALES OF THREE GOVERNORS.

Two Refused to Commute Death Sen-

tences and the Other Declined to Par-

don a Prisoner-The Last Words of an

[Copyright by American Press Association]

A mother's love is the purest form of earthly affection. It overlooks all faults and even the blackest crimes cannot efface

ft. Governor Campbell, of Ohio, was lately made aware of this in a very unpleasant

manner. Great pressure was brought to

bear upon him to commute the sentence of death imposed on young Otto Leuth, who

murdered a little girl in Cieveland under most atrocious circumstances, to imprison

PLEADING FOR HER SON'S LIFE.

ment for life, but after carefully consider

which the following is a translation:

Horelock at night. (
Governon-My son John has just brought the
news that our child Otto Leuth has been murdered. You want to make people believe your
heart has suffered since you dismissed me so

Though Governor Campbell did no doubt

very crafty and deceiving she has aroused the sympathies of a lot of good ladies who

visit the prisoners, and they have nearly driven me out of my wits time and again

with their importanities on her behalf. She is unworthy of elemency and I cannot

give it to her, but these ladies are well meaning and I have hated to hurt their

feelings by a point blank refusal.
"I can't stand it any longer, and now!

intend to tell them once for all that I will

not pardon her, but I must do it gently-

6 54

Young, of Ohio.

Consumes, O., Aug. 29, 1 1 o'clock at night.

LENA LECTIL

Children

Enjoy It

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is
almost as palatable as milk.
Children enjoy it rather than
otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH
PRODUCER it is indeed, and the
little lads and issales who take cold
easily, may be fortified against a
cough that might prove serious, by
taking Scott's Emulsion after their
meals during the winter season.

Recovery of relabilities and imilations. Bescare of substitutions and imitatio

write me a letter over per own signature saying this, and I will immediately order her back to Cleveland and have her hanged

before the month is own."

The ladies were demonded, and in a moment they howed themselves out of the

"Of course I have no authority to order her hanged," said the governor tome after the lades had gove, "but sha don't know that, and she'll never soud any such let-

The governor's prediction came true. She never is hed to be sauged, his the ladies waited until years had passed, and they finally found a governor less obdurate than Young who gave Mrs. Robinson her free-

When William M. Bunn, the editor of The Sunday Transcript, of Philadelphia, was appointed governor of the territory of Idaho by President Arthur his arrival at Boise City was the cause of a good deal of unfavorable comment among the rough ing the testimony his conscience would not permit him to do so, and Leuth was hanged in the Columbus penitentiary shortly after midnight of the 29th of August. That portions of its population, who were greatly in the majority. morning Governor Campbell found a let-ter, written in German, in his mail, of

The governor is an elegant looking gen-tleman, very fund of next attire, and on the street always books as if he had just stepped out of the latest feshion plate. He is a man of no much ability nevertheless, and has any amount of true grit and courage. He may hardly taken possession of his office when he was importanted to pardeath for murder.

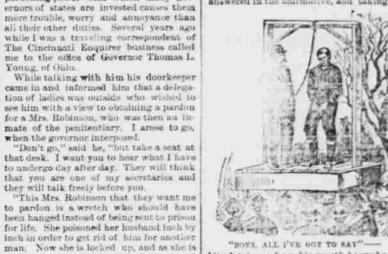
heart has suffered since you dismissed me so rudely. Wheever possesses a heart would not allow a child of 16 years to be hung, and nobedy expected it of you except your Irish friends, and especially Shoriff Sawyer, for if politics are at stake the life of a human being is counted for nothing. But curse you his murderess and their descendants! May his shadow hand you to the hour of your death! May all the tortures plague you which I have suffered all this time: This is my wish. The governor found that there were no mitigating circumstances. The man had quarreled with another miner ever a woman estimate stands Nell." He had laid in you which I have suffered all this time! This is my wish.

P. S.—It is a week to night since you have murdered my child, accursed murdered Give me back my Otto or I shall go used. Why did you sacrifice my child for political reasons? You want the Cleveland votes, but the road to the presidential chair leads over the dead body of my child, and you will never get there. Is it justice to hang a child and respite a matriciale, whom the board of purdoes had also refused? I will tell you the votes of Preble county are not so important as those of Cleveland. But I have on the grave of my child sent to curse you as long as I live, and I shall keep my out. Why don't you kill me, too? I wish you would.

LENA LEUTH. out warning. The governor walked the floor of his room for two nights thinking ever the matter. He found that no man had ever been legally executed for murder in the territory, and even such able advis-ers as General Brishans arged him not to be the first to have a man hanged. At last Severnor Bunn made up his

mind, and he issued a paper in which he stated that while he was extremely rejuctant to break the record of clemency of his predecessors yet it was about time that the people of Idahe showed fitting regard for law and order murderers must take the punishment ab-lotted them by the law. He declined to interiers with the course of justice, and the offender was hanged.

what he considered his plain duty under the circumstances it is highly probable that the reception of Mrs. Leuth's letter made him feel very uncomfortable. The When he was placed on the scaffold he was asked if he had anything to say. He pardoning power with which many govanswered in the affirmative, and taking a



"BOYS, ALL I'VE GOT TO RAY" hit of tobucco from his mouth he spoke to the throng as follows, "Boys, all I've got to say is that an old timer is being hung by a dude governor." Then the trap was spring, and, in the language of the vicinty, "he passed in his chips." Thanks to Governor Bunn's firmness a livelier respect for law and order soon obtained in Idaho. and today life and property are much more secure there then before the advent of the "dude governor." J. B. McConwick.

Another Electric Wire Victim. "This makes the twenty first man." Such were the enigmatic words spoken over the corpse of George M. Kepp by the first policeman who mached the spot where it lay in front of the New Park theatre, New York. Enigmatic these words certainly would be to any reader ignorant of the deadly

work of the electric wires, but after they persons precau tions were adopted which, it was confidently affirmed, would prevent And in fact no one had been killed for four months, the

tim being Bastiwas killed on the 14th of May last SCORES M. ROPP.

at 167 Broadway. George M. Kopp was a lineman—that is one who repairs the wires—he climbed to the top of the pole at the corner of Thirty lifth atreet and Broadway and took hold of the wire with bare hands, having neglected to put on the rubber gloves provided. There was a break somewhere. The current passed through him, and in an instant he was a corpse, his fiesh smoking and burning under the intense

Mrs. Mary Carroll has been a switch tender at the railroad junction in Macon,

Ga., for ferty years. During that time she has invariably been faithful and efficient. She has never been the cause of an acci-Her tracks have always been right. Her duties have been responsible, but the road has never incurred a dollar of break-age, a moment of delay or the injury of a person on her account. The is, perhaps, the oldest and only switchwoman in the United States. After so excellent a record and so many years of service, in sumshine and rain, in rold and heat, the Central road has placed her in a less frksome position. Sie has been made gatekeeper al

the Macon shops. Two Gents.

First Hotel Walter - That ere young squirt at table C is a gent all through. He gur me half a dollar.

Second Hetel Watter-He sin't half the gent as that ere ole hald headed fat purker at table B. He guy me a dolls

AN INDIAN EXPLAINS A COMET.

The Ute Theory of the Sun and the Moon and Their Numerous Progeny. During the year the comet was streaming in the sky I was camping one night in a canyon near the foot of Cook's Peak,

In the party was an old and-for an Indian-a fairly intelligent Ute named Sam. Sam had been attached to some cavalry troop at Fort Cummings as a scout, but his day of leaving the service being reached he attached himself to me-for a consideration. Pointing to the comet I asked Sam what he could say in its defense from the standpoint of a Ute. Sam was, unlike most Inians, a good single handed talker and

onld speak English very well. He was ambitions to perfect himself in the language and readily seized on every chance for a "talk." Indeed I discovered him on one or two occasions all alone and talking vigorously at a mark, ed to run away. Harris, seeing the runlike a savage Demosthenes sans the peb-

"Tell about that?" said Sam, pointing toward the comet. "Sam do it heap easy, you bet. The sun is the man and he have moon for squaw. The stars—big stars and little stars—all are their children. The sun don't like 'em and chases 'em. If he catch one he cats it. "This makes the stars heap Traid, and when the sun has his sleep over and comes out the stars run and hide. When

and hide. But the moon is good. "She loves her children, the stars, and when the sun sleeps she comes out in the ribly. sky, and the stars are glad, and they come out of the places they hide in and forget to be 'fraid and play.

"But when the sun wakes again they run. He is always after them, and he catches them sometime. This one," continued Sam, again pointing at the comet, "the sun catch one time. He got away, though, but the sun bite him and hurt That's why he bleed so. Now he's heap scared, and so he keeps his face always toward the place where the sun is sleeping."-Cor. Kansas City Star.

Bees Sting a Team to Death. While William Harris and his son James were at the McKim farm, Steubenville, on the West Virginia side of the river, two horses, hitched at the side of the barn, slipped their bridles and startaway, tried to head the horses, causing them to turn and go through a fence in-

by the horses. Thousands of bees swarmed over the herses, which lay down in the harness mouning piteously. As young Harris could not see the horses suffer he cut the traces with a butcher knife, while the bees attacked him. He started the horses off. When loose from the cattle first put on, in private, a decent bathing the sun comes stars go-creen into holes crate the horses ran in all directions in suit. No opium, interioring drinks or

to a yard where there were thirty bee-

Three hives were knocked over

the neids, uttering unnatural squeals, at times rolling in the grass, mosning ter-

it rolled and shricked till death ended | ting.-Albany Democrat. its sufferings. The other horse was caught and hay burned under it, but the horse died in a short time. Both were fine animals. Young Harris was stung badly, but he was buthed in a tub of soda water, counteracting the poison.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

What You Can't Do in Yambill. Yamhill has long been noted for its re-markable people and institutions. Now a town is being formed which will make the most model community in the world if the rules poverning it are carried out. The laws which every member will have to subscribe to are substantially: No quarreling. No improper language. No taking the name of God in vain. No swearing. No evil speaking, lying or slandering. That they regularly attend divine worship in Hope church and keep holy the whole of the Lord's day. That they abstain from the use of opinm in every shape and form. No theft of any kind. No trespossing on the property of ethers. No dancing parties. No theatrical representations. No serenading of newly married persons. No lathing in the river on Sundays nor at any time without having

tobacco to be sold or partered, or kept or exposed for sale. No horses, cattle swine, goats or poultry to run at large, One horse lay down in a creek, where | Pigeons to be confined within wire net-

Poverty of the Mexicans. The poverty of the poor of Mexico is extreme, and the conditions of the lower class of laborers must be dreadful. One can see them doing work done only by borses elsewhere, and loads carried on bur ros which in other countries are carried on wheels. Blocks of a peculiar building stone are brought into the city on the backs of those patient creatures, so that even the poor burrs is not exempt from sharing the ndition of his owner. No wonder buildings go up slowly here.
You see the men carrying lumber, heavy boxes, poles, and nearly sloways on the trot.

dating the coffin and a number of mourners, which is, I think, an idea well worthy of initiation -Cor. Deaver Times.

Even the dead are borne to their burial by carriers. I witnessed on the plane a relay of carriers while the burden was being shifted to fresh shoulders. Two or three romen and some children stood around while the exchange was being made. The coffin, it is presumed, represented he hearse. They have here on their street railrouds a funeral cur capable of accommo

English burticulturists have become fors! chemists, and dipsordingry white roses any

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.